



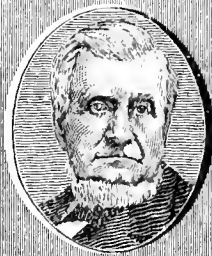
HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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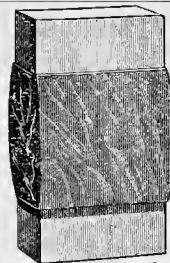
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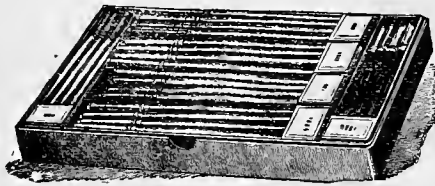




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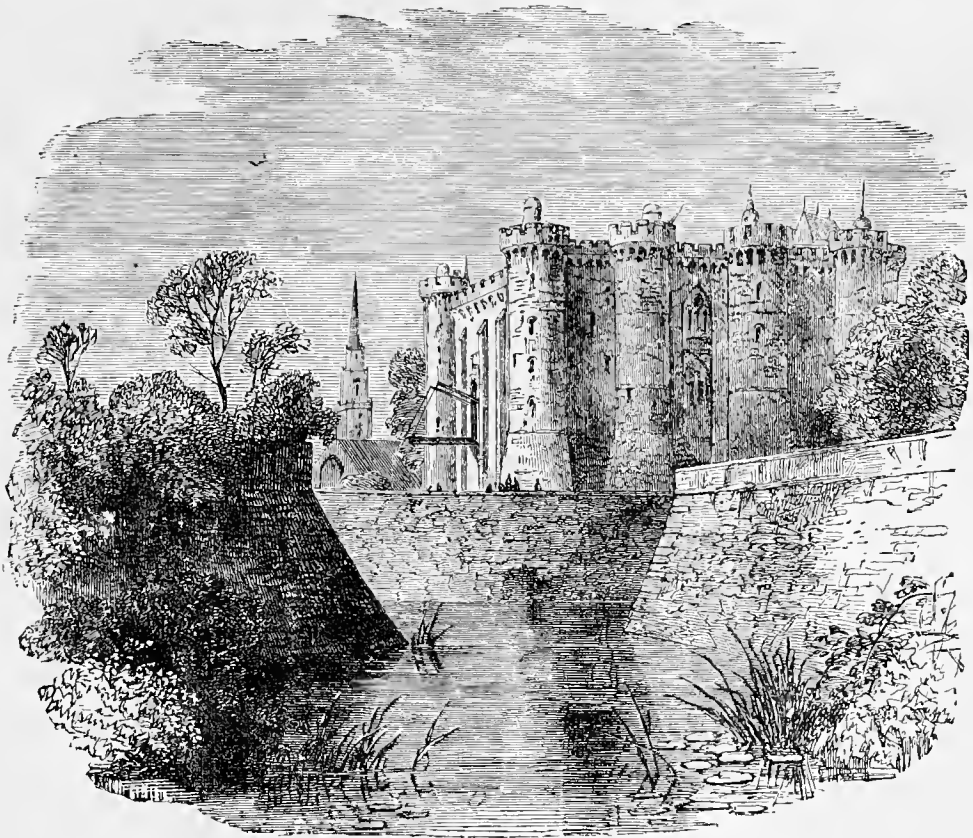
No. 21.

A CAPTIVE PRINCESS.

O Fortune! how thy restless wavering state
Hath wrought with cares my troubled wit
Witness this present prison, whither Fate
Hath borne me, and the joys I quit.

But by her envy can be nothing wrought.
So God send to my foes all they have thought.
A. D. M. D. L. V. *Elizabeth, Prisoner.*

(Written in charcoal on a shutter window.)



LONDON TOWER.

Thou causedest the guilty to be loosed
From bands wherewith are innocents enclosed;
Causing the guiltless to be straight reserved,
And freeing those that death hath well deserved.

ON a dark winter's night, in 1554,
when all the inhabitants of Ashbridge
House were quietly asleep, there arose a

sudden stir outside, and a loud barking of disturbed dogs. It was a lonely place, where resided a young princess of some importance just then, for there was a stir and tumult in London, partly on her account, partly on that of fair, young Lady Jane Grey—the sweet “twelve days” queen—whose life was to be sacrificed to the ambition of relatives and friends.

How much or how little of all this Elizabeth knew it is hard to say, but so much, certainly, as made her fain not to venture from her new country home if possible. Only a few days since a message had come from Mary the Queen, bidding her hurry up to Court. Upon this she had hurried off to bed instead, and declared herself far too ill to travel.

“Too ill, forsooth, the meek traitress! Not too ill to conspire with Wyatt, and Courtney, and others against her sister Mary! Away, and bring her to our presence!” So cried Mary; and thus it was that at nearly midnight, three royal commissioners arrived, accompanied by her Majesty’s own leech, to ascertain whether this sudden illness might not be as suddenly healed, which it was, strangely enough, at the sight of the stern mediciner and his companions.

At first the young lady, imperious and yet terrified, refused to see them; but then, being also politic, and finding that in the queen’s name they would take no “nay,” she, looking very white and startled, ordered their admittance to her chamber, asking as they came bowing low into her presence:

“Is the haste such that it might not have pleased you to come in the morning?”

They began to answer awkwardly enough “that they were sorry to see her Grace in such a case——” “And I,”

interrupted she, “am not glad to see you at this time of the night;” and then she told how sick she was, and how she could not endure to travel for a long time to come, not for her life. However, in the end, having remembered an old saying “The better part of valor is discretion,” she considered, and consented to start the very next day but one, which chanced to be the day and hour on which that innocent Lady Jane and her lord were to be executed—an ominous time, surely, for such a one as Elizabeth to venture within the clutches of an angry queen. No wonder she thrice fainted as she sat in the litter Mary had sent for her, and was now so really ill that she was five days on her journey. Perhaps for her safety it was well that she happened to be so delayed.

But all the lion awoke in the breast of this daughter of the Tudors when she entered London as a prisoner of state. Sickness and tremors were thrust aside—

Her cheek was pale, but resolved and high
Were the words on her lips and the glance of her
eye.

She dressed herself all in white—emblematic of innocence—and had her litter opened wide that all who chose might see how proudly and disdainfully she could meet the perils at hand. About her rode a hundred gentlemen in velvet coats as a sort of guard of honor; these were followed by about a hundred more in the royal livery; and as she rode a troubled crowd followed, many weeping as they remembered her fair mother Anna Boleyn, who had passed to prison and death not seventeen years ago.

Thus she went through Smithfield and Fleet Street to Whitehall, where

she trusted to meet her enraged sovereign. Mary, however, refused to see her, and so she was taken on to Westminster, put in a part of the palace resembling a prison, inasmuch as none could go in or out without passing a guard, and here she remained in an agonizing state of suspense; the next announcement being that a barge was in readiness to convey her Highness to the Tower, and she must prepare to go at once, as the tide served, which would tarry for no one.

Then with all imploring words she begged to see the queen—the sister who had once promised never to condemn her unheard: but no, they would not: they dared not, in fact. Only Sussex, more noble-hearted than the rest, did her lowly courtesy, saying, "she should have liberty to write her mind," swearing, as a true man, he would himself deliver the words to the queen, whatsoever came of it, and bring her back the answer; but that he could not do, as no answer was condescended.

A passionate letter, such as one in dire distress would write, took so long to write that the tide was missed; for which the angry queen rated her council soundly, as the next would not serve till midnight, and in the darkness there might be chance of escape or rescue.

It was Palm Sunday, and everyone was away carrying their palms to church as the barge was brought up, and Sussex and the Lord Treasurer came once more with their unwelcome message—"Madam, the tide serves—the tide that tarries for no man." This time their captive only said, knowing full well her head was in the balance, "The Lord's will be done; I am contented, seeing it is the queen's pleasure." Luckily Mary was her sister, though

irritated by suspecting that Elizabeth had much to do with all these conspiracies and risings that cost so much blood, that she was treacherous, and that on any possible opportunity she would depose her. But what was to be done? Would any of the lords of the council, she asked them, take charge and responsibility of this troublesome guest? Not one. Then, as the queen must away to her Parliament, Elizabeth must to the Tower. Oh, doleful prison! whence her mother, and only the other day her guiltless cousin Jane, had stepped to the scaffold!

No wonder that, when the Council after charging her with abetting Wyatt and the late risings in the West, told her of her destination in the queen's name, Elizabeth cried out in wild dismay:

"I trust that her Majesty will be far more gracious than to commit to that place a true and most innocent woman, who never has offended her in thought, word, or deed."

And she, the proud girl, who had bravely borne so much, entreated them passionately to intercede for her with the queen. "Not there!—not there!" was her cry, until they, hard and stern men, I wot, melted into pity, and promised they would do their best; but it availed not, for presently a guard was placed at her chamber door, an armed force in the hall, and two hundred "white-coats" in the garden, to prevent rescue or escape, but of all her friends not one dared to appear. Poor Elizabeth!

Yet she looked up towards the banks and the many windows as they hurried her into the boat and presently said passionately:

"I marvel what the nobles mean by suffering me a princess to be led into

captivity. The Lord knoweth wherefore; for myself, I do not."

So early had they started that the barge could scarcely shoot the bridge, striking it, and only with great peril passing through. Then on, all too swiftly, till they rowed into the black shadow of the Traitor's Gate, through which so many had of late passed to their death.

Poor prisoner! Here was a horror she had not foreseen, and hard did she struggle at being landed there. "She was no traitor—she was Elizabeth of England. She might not, would not, besides;" casting about her for a practical reason, "neither well could she land, unless she should step into the water over her shoes."

One saying "She might not choose in the matter," would have offered her his cloak; for as she stood debating the rain was soaking her slight figure pitifully, but she dashed the offering impetuously aside and at last setting her foot on the rough wet stairs exclaimed:

"Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs. Before thee, O God, I speak it having no other friend but Thee alone." And, indeed, at that moment she must have deemed that even He had forsaken her.

Only a short time since Wyatt had landed on these very stairs. Only the other day he had paid, on the dismal Tower Hill yonder, the forfeit of his life for the very plot in which this new captive knew full well she was suspected of sharing, even though the loyal gentleman had protested to the last concerning her innocence. Well might she shudder as she looked up at the dismal prison and wonder whether his words would avail to save her.

We are apt to picture Elizabeth only as the splendid Tudor Queen beruffled

and bejewelled and holding her own fiercely and firmly. We are apt to think of her only as a hard, cold and calculating old woman. Yet in those times she was very unhappy though young and pleasant to look upon—too pleasant maybe to suit that stern-faced half-sister, of which it was yet to be recorded that, "in the mornynge ded Quen Mari, and that the same day at afternon, all the chyrches in London dyd ryng, and at nyght did make bonfyres and set tabulls in the strett, and ded ett and drynke and mad mere (made merry) for the new Quen Elisabeth, Quen Mari's syster."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

IN Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12th, 1809, a son was born to a poor, uneducated but worthy couple, and no elfish old nurse bending over his cradle would have thought to prophesy of the wonderful events that were to crowd into his after life. He grew up a stout, healthy boy, and was early put to work on his father's farm. When he was seven years old he was sent to school, where he learned to read. But circumstances did not allow of his remaining long at school, for his father determined to remove farther west. He disposed of his little place in Kentucky for about two hundred dollars, and, constructing a flat boat, the boy's father embarked with his goods, without his family, upon the Rolling Fork River, from which he floated into the Ohio, en route for Indiana. Soon after entering the Ohio River the boat capsized and the most valuable part of the cargo was lost. Disposing of the remainder, the emigrant succeeded in reaching Spencer County, Indiana, where he located a new farm, and then

he returned to Kentucky on foot to bring out his family. Seven days' journey on horseback, through an uninhabited country, brought them to the new home.

All hands went to work to build a house. The boy, with an ax, did good service in preparing logs for the cabin, and neighbors kindly assisted in the work, and in three days a comfortable log structure was erected. It had but one room and the loft overhead, reached by means of a ladder. This was the boy's bed chamber, and, with a blanket and a pile of straw, his sleep was as sweet as that which visits a downy couch.

The little fellow assisted his father in making the furniture used in their primitive home, besides being very busy in the pleasant weather in procuring fire wood and fencing material. He also learned to use the rifle; but, amid all this business, he found time to study both reading and spelling.

When he was a little more than eight years old his mother died, afflicting him with a loss which the world could never repair. All through his after life he remembered her with reverent affection. But the family found kindness in their neighbors, one of whom taught the boy to write.

Some two years after his mother's death his father married a kind and excellent woman, who proved a second mother to the boy and his sister.

About this time a school was opened in the neighborhood, and the boy was delighted to be enrolled as a pupil of the new "Academy." His quick perception and retentive memory were of immense advantage to the young scholar, and he made the best use of them.

His school clothes were made of dressed buck skin, with a cap made of raccoon skin. For six months he attended this school, and then he was obliged to start out in the world and earn his own living. For five years he worked steadily in the woods, giving his evenings to the study of such books as he could obtain in the vicinity. Figuratively, he ate and digested the better part of all the volumes which he obtained.

When he was nineteen year old he was hired for ten dollars a month by a man living near them, to assist in navigating a flat boat loaded with stores to New Orleans. There was but one other man on the boat with him, and they made the long voyage down the Mississippi, floating along in the day time and anchoring to the bank at night. One night ruffians attacked their boat, but were driven off, and at length they reached their destination and profitably disposed of their stores.

But the young man's father, imbued with the true pioneer spirit, soon found Indiana too thickly settled for his fancy, and again "pulling up stakes" they packed up their household commodities into large wagons which were to be drawn by oxen. The young man Abraham drove one of these, and through the bottom lands along their route the male members of the party were often obliged to wade in water to their waists. Pushing along into Sangamon County, they settled upon a ten-acre tract on the north side of Sangamon River. Here, again, the work of erecting a cabin went on, and "Abe" began to split out the rails to fence the farm. During the fall and winter his rifle furnished the principal supply of food for the family.

Abraham was now entering upon

man's estate, and he was not satisfied with the narrow prospect before him. So in 1830 he removed farther west, and during the summer and winter worked on a farm near Petersburg. His evenings he devoted to faithful study, drilling away at reading, writing, grammar and arithmetic. In the spring he was hired by a Mr. Offut to navigate a flat boat—they having first acted as ship builders of the craft—on a trading expedition to New Orleans. The ability and industry of young Abraham so won upon the esteem of his employer that later he gave him the chief position in his mill and store at New Salem village. Here the young man acquired his life long appellation of "Honest Abe."

We next find him a volunteer in the army during the Black Hawk War. After that he was nominated for the Legislature, but was defeated by a small majority. Then he tried store-keeping for himself; afterwards he studied surveying. Then again he was nominated for the Legislature and was elected, subsequently being three times re-elected.

Ambition now began to influence his thoughts, and, studying law with Hon. John T. Stuart, in 1836 he was admitted to the bar. Soon after this he removed to Springfield. As a lawyer he was successful, and his first fair fee for winning a case he devoted to providing a comfortable home for his kind and faithful step-mother.

Next we find him Member of Congress, even then exhibiting a lively interest in the abolishment of slavery. He declined re-election. For the next five years he devoted himself to his profession, meanwhile having married Mary, daughter of Hon. Robert S. Todd, of Lexington, Kentucky. He

developed the most amiable traits of domestic affection.

When the Republicans of Illinois presented Abraham Lincoln as their candidate for the Presidency of the United States, there was a sensation among all parties.

At the meeting of the State Convention Mr. Oglesby—afterward Governor of Illinois—brought into the hall his old fence rails decorated with flags and ribbons, and bearing an inscription that strongly resembles a derisive title given One spoken of in the Gospels. This motto ran thus:

"Abraham Lincoln: the rail candidate for President in 1860."

Then Mr. Lincoln arose in the gallery and acknowledged that thirty years before he had split rails in Macon County, Illinois; and he had been informed that those two rails were from a lot of three thousand made by himself and one Thomas Hawks.

His party friends were anxious for his election, and advised him how to defeat the Greely party by promising seats in the Cabinet to certain men named at the time. What a ring of pure gold there was in the answer: "I authorize no bargains, and will be bound by none!"

Again, when the committee waited on him to inform him of his nomination, he made an appropriate reply, and then stood "treat" for his guests, pledging them in a glass of cold water, saying that it was God's best beverage and all that his (Lincoln's) family ever indulged in.

We all remember his election and the state of the country at that time, and without regard to our politics we know that he suffered a martyr's death—died for the (to him) right cause; and we also note with awe—le

our politics be what they may—that the assassin's heels were tripped up by the very flag which he (figuratively) sought to rend and annihilate. And thus was his own untimely end brought about. Lay aside all party prejudice and think what a country we have. Ah, we do not half appreciate it—the privilege of being a citizen of America, the land of the free! The ragged little boy picking up chips by the wayside, or drawing cubes and angles on a board, may sometimes rise up to the President's, or statesman's chair, to bid some other struggling, ambitious soul God speed in its upward career.

Through his onward course during all his successes, and when he came to the chief position of the country, Abraham Lincoln's unaffected manner, his good hearted humility, make us admire him and venerate his memory.

Those whom power or success makes vain are to be pitied, for the glory of earth is as unstable and perishable as a bubble on the ocean; and it is not the position to which we attain, but the good and wise uses to which we give our talents, that bring joy and peace to the heart and which will shed a glory rich as a summer sunset about our dying beds.

Dear reader, let us remember always that it is the fruitless branches of the trees and the light, worthless ears of grain that toss high and emptily above their fellows, while the more fruit the branches hold, the richer the grain heads, the lower they droop. May we not profit by the lesson here taught us?

M. J. Cummings.

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveler ever reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.

A HOME FOR OLD AGE.

WE would advise anyone who proposes to give up all his property into the hands of his children and live around with them, to read over Will. Carlton's "Over the Hill to the Poor House." It may not be a prophetic picture in his case, but it is, to say the least, suggestive. It is a poor plan for one who has toiled hard to secure a competency, to place himself, in his old age, in the position of a pensioner on another's bounty. For no matter how great the favors conferred, nor how kind the children may be, they will be none the less kind and attentive because you still hold your property in your own name. Anyone who has kept his eyes open for twenty years or more, has seen plenty of examples of how the system works of giving away one's home in one's own lifetime. We are always sad when we see a piece of property encumbered with this proviso: "You must take care of the old man, or the old woman, as long as he or she lives." In most such cases the time seems uncommonly long to those who are thus encumbered.

It should be the thought of one's busy working years, how to provide for our comfortable maintenance in old age, if God should grant us such length of days. It is not right that we should place it out of our power to perform such deeds of love and charity as should more and more abound as we go down life's sloping hillside, our own wants growing fewer as we near our journey's end.

Old age is comfortable in proportion as it is treated with respect and attention. Things that were lighter than a feather in our days of strength, when we could go and come at our pleasure, are a grievous burden in those days

"when the almond tree shall flourish."

Have you ever known the old man or the old lady shown any less attention by children or others, because they were still house holders and had means at command? Do not the old people you know who have their own little homes, with their familiar surroundings, live more comfortably and happily than those who have broken up all their old associations and gone to live with their children, however dutiful? Old age loves familiar surroundings and dreads change. It may be difficult to keep up the establishment in some respects, but it is not half so difficult as to adapt one's self to new ways and new scenes in old age.

I spent a day or two at an old homestead near the sea shore, which was owned by a very old man, quite in his dotage. A son with his family had come home to "take care of father" in his old age, and from the oldest to the youngest they vied with each other to make the old man comfortable. His tastes were consulted, his permission asked when the carriage was wanted by the young folks; his old, fat hens, which his wife had tended, were allowed to scratch around in their twelfth year; the old well-sweep was not meddled with, and the family drew water in the old inconvenient way. Father's oysters were always cooked to his fancy, and he was waited upon as promptly as if he had been a grand duke. Now, from the general tone of the household, I was quite sure that matters and things would have been quite different if that old farm property had been given away before his death. I suppose it was arranged that the place would be handed down to this son when the father was through with it. If this son did not give satisfaction,

there were others ready to step in and take the encumbrance off his hands. So "the mammon of unrighteousness" made good friends for a poor, childish old man, who went down to his grave peacefully and happily, with no one to harass or make him uncomfortable. You and I have known people in their second childhood who were counted very burdensome, and who were made to feel that they were burdens. *M.*

THE following "snares for the tongue," like the time-honored Peter Piper and his peck of pickled peppers, will sharpen the wit and cure hesitancy of speech. They are good for elocutionary practice:

Six thick thistle sticks.

Flesh of freshly fried flying fish.

The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.

High roller, low roller. rower.

Gaze on the gray brigade.

Strange strategic statistics.

Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig-whip.

She says she sells sea-shells.

A cup of coffee in a copper coffee-pot.

Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?

Sarah in a shawl shoveled soft snow softly.

Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.

A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit box.

Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.

Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim; swan swam back again; well swum, swan.

It is a shame, Sam; these are the same, Sam. 'Tis all a sham, Sam, and a shame it is to sham so, Sam.

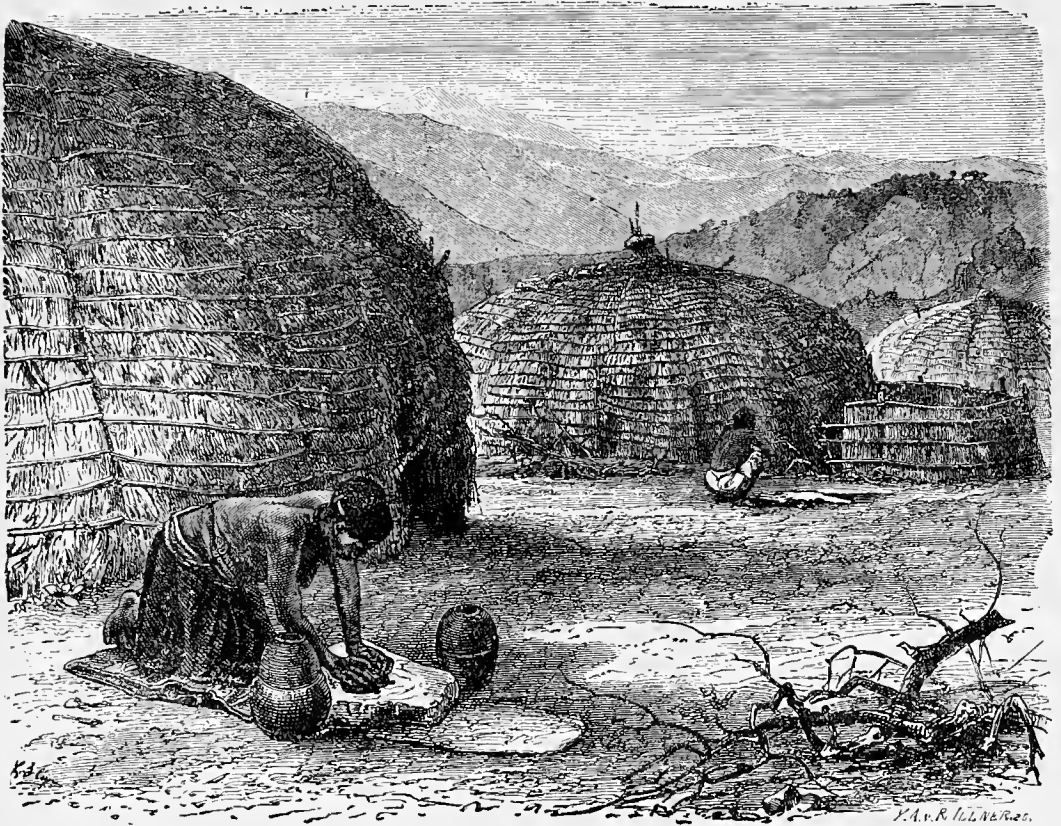
A growing gleam glowing green.

The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms.

MODE OF LIVING IN ZULULAND.

THE Zulus are a tribe of humanity inhabiting a portion of South Africa. They belong to a race of dark-skinned people known by the general name of Kaffirs. The Kaffirs are not considered as belonging to the true negro race; but they are believed to be the descend-

tenance indicates the possession of superior intelligence. Physically they are well developed specimens of humanity, and they exhibit considerable mental culture in certain directions; in fact they are said to be among the most intellectual of savages. They are fond of controversy in the way of argu-



ZULU WOMAN MAKING BREAD.

ants of some Asiatic tribe that came and conquered the district of country in which they dwell and intermingled with the original inhabitants.

In appearance they much resemble the native African, having a dark skin, a flat nose, thick lips and short, crisp and curling hair, but their coun-

ment, and they pride themselves on being honorable and straightforward in their actions.

The Zulus' manner of living is similar to that of other Kaffir tribes, hence a description of their habits will give a general idea of the habits of the race to which they belong.

As may be seen in the picture, their dwellings are but huts, resembling an old-fashioned bee-hive, without windows, and a doorway large enough only for one to crawl through on his hands and knees. The framework of the hut is made of wood and the covering of reeds or straw, held in place by ropes made of creeping plants. The furniture within consists of a few earthen pots for cooking, or for holding articles of food, and mats on which the inmates sleep. The fireplace is in the center of the room, and the only opening through which the smoke can escape is the doorway. The floor of the hut is composed of clay beaten down solid and rubbed until it is smooth. The women take great care in keeping the floor clean, but the roof and the posts which support it soon become black with smoke and soot.

The principal food of the Zulus is grain, which is served with other articles. It is the work of the women to gather the grain as well as to prepare the food.

Whenever a Zulu man signifies he is hungry his wife procures a quantity of corn or millet, as the case might be, places it with water in an earthen pot and leaves it on the fire to boil. After it has boiled sufficiently she takes it off the fire and proceeds to grind it. The mill for grinding is simply a large, flat stone, on which the grain is placed, and a cobble stone with which to crush the food. By proceeding as shown in the engraving the housewife by main strength reduces the kernels to a pulp, resembling corn-meal mush. It is then gathered in a vessel and placed with a bowl of milk before the hungry master.

Although it is not customary for a

woman to partake of a meal with her husband, the men are fond of company at dinner, and quite frequently as many as twenty or thirty will gather in a circle in one small hut and join in a dinner party. While the pot is boiling in the center of the room, the party all squatting in a circle facing the fire, will join in singing their love songs or their war songs, all the while keeping time to the tune, or yell, with motions of their arms.

When the food is ready to be eaten, the master of the house takes his long-handled spoon, dips it into the mush pot, and carries a good-sized morsel to his mouth. Licking the spoon clean, he hands it to the person next to him, who takes a mouthful in a similar way, and passes the spoon to the next. In this manner the spoon is handed around the circle until each guest has had a taste of the food; and in the same order the spoon is passed around time after time until all are satisfied or the supply of food is exhausted.

The Kaffirs are fond of justice and equal rights, and that is their reason for only using one spoon for the whole company. By each guest being allowed to take only one spoonful at a time, and that only in his proper turn, the food is fairly divided; while if each one was provided with a separate spoon, the persons who had the largest spoons or the sharpest appetites would get more than their share and thereby cause a general scramble for the mush, which they aim to avoid.

Of course it takes them a long time to satisfy their appetites when there are many present at the dinner party, but they have plenty of time at their disposal. They are never in a hurry, and take life easy, as it requires but little effort to procure what little they

need to satisfy their wants. As they live in a warm climate, they wear but scanty clothing. Their houses are easily made, and require but little time or expense in their construction. Their cattle, which form the chief source of their wealth, find their own food, and only need to be herded, and this task is usually performed by the boys.

There are but few things the men will do in the way of work. They will milk the cows, as women are not allowed to enter the inclosure where the cattle are kept. So different is the Kaffir's way of managing cattle to that of a European that when a white man purchases a cow from a Kaffir he has to hire a native to milk it. The cows are so accustomed to the singing, shouting and coaxing of their dusky owners that they refuse to be milked unless they hear these familiar sounds. In the same manner the cattle are trained to move at certain shouts from the driver, and when those unacquainted with the signals attempt to drive them the cattle fail to understand what is wanted of them, and refuse to move.

Another labor the men perform is that of curing or tanning hides. The Kaffirs are said to be the most expert furriers known. What little clothing they wear is made of furs of various animals. These they prepare with considerable skill. The hide of an ox under their manipulation is rendered as soft and pliable as a piece of soft flannel. In sewing pieces of fur together to form a larger piece they also exhibit great skill, their stitches being so regular that they resemble work done on a machine. All Kaffirs in general have some skill in preserving furs, but it is only certain artists

among them who are experts at the business.

When a young man wishes to marry he is obliged to purchase a wife by paying the parents of the girl he desires a certain number of cows—whatever number they may think she is worth. The girl's value depends on her beauty, according to a Kaffir's idea of what is beautiful. A girl is not always compelled to marry anyone who might take a notion to buy her, or who may be rich enough to pay the price asked. But if her parents think the man is a suitable fellow they use all manner of persuasion to gain her consent.

When told that she has a suitor, the girl requests that he be sent for that she may see him, and judge of his qualities. Accordingly the young man is notified to appear at a certain time, and the girl with a number of her female friends prepare to meet him. The young suitor fixes his toilet for the occasion by anointing his whole body with a new coat of grease. (It is a universal custom among the race to cover their bodies with grease as a substitute for clothing.) Then putting on his bracelets of ivory a tuft of feathers on his head and with spears and shield in hand, he presents himself on approval at the girl's home.

The people welcome him heartily and bid him sit down in the circle of friends gathered just outside the hut door. The girl is notified of his arrival and comes out and stares at him a few moments. She refuses to say a word to him, but gets her brother to do the talking. After viewing him while in a sitting posture, she requests through her brother that he stand up that she may view his proportions, to see that he is straight and erect and not de-

formed in any way. While the young man is passing through this ordeal, the girl and her companions giggle and laugh, and pass criticisms on him among themselves. Having satisfied herself in regard to the young man's appearance, the girl, without speaking a word to him, runs away and is at once followed by the other females present, who are anxious to know what her decision is respecting his suitability for a husband. The girl declines to express her opinion so hastily, and insists on having the lover call again and exhibit his walking and running qualities. Like a shrewd purchaser of a horse, she wants to find out if he limps, while walking, or whether he can make good speed in running, so the young man is invited to call again the next day and give another public exhibition. The girl's companions all speak of the young suitor in the highest terms of praise, which has a tendency to arouse her jealousy and help her decide favorably to the lover.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A Symptom of Apostasy.

FOLLOWING up my article of last number, the Latter-day Saints should be impressed with the importance of teaching their children to have reverence for and to treat as a sacred thing the Priesthood of the Son of God. It is true that earthly vessels bear this sacred charge—men who are fallible, who are liable to weaknesses, and who have the infirmities common to humanity. But they are entrusted with a divine power by the Lord Himself. If they desecrate or in any manner make improper use of this power which is so sacred, so holy, and which is designed

for man's salvation, the Giver of the power will hold them responsible—He is their Judge. But it is not for everyone to judge and condemn God's servants. It is against such a feeling that the warning is given, "Touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm."

We have been taught from the beginning that one of the most dangerous symptoms of apostasy from the Church is speaking evil of the Lord's servants; that whenever a spirit of this kind takes possession of one who is called a Latter-day Saint it is sure to grieve the Spirit of God; it invites darkness to enter the mind, and, unless it is sincerely repented of, it causes apostasy to follow. For this reason, if for no other, our children should be taught from the time they are old enough to comprehend, that they are treading upon slippery ground whenever they venture to criticise, censure or condemn those whom the Lord has chosen to be His servants. Many think it is part of their privilege in the exercise of free speech to do this, and that it is a sign of independence. But there is none of the true liberty of free speech in it; it becomes license, and is offensive to the Lord. We are all aware that the leading men of the Church have been compelled to live in seclusion for a number of years. It is probably in consequence of this that there has grown up in many quarters a carelessness and indifference concerning the Priesthood and its authority—it may even be said a spirit of irreverence—which sometimes manifests itself in a way that produces painful feelings to men and women of experience in the Church. Such a spirit is full of danger, and every tendency towards it should be promptly and effectively counteracted. Respect for authority should be constantly taught.

Not that it is necessary to indulge in man-worship or any feeling akin to that; there is a very great difference between proper respect for authority and the other extreme where men become sycophants and worshipers, or pretended worshipers, of their fellow men. One frequently sees this latter feeling manifested towards men who are rich, or who stand in places where they can confer favors. It is the mark of the courtier to flatter and cringe and toady to persons of rank and fortune, and no true Latter-day Saint will be guilty of such a thing. But the Saints honor God; they honor the authority which He bestows; and in honoring that authority they honor those who bear it. This is the spirit of true independence, and it does not take away the least particle from the true dignity of manhood and womanhood. The Lord says: "They that honor me I will honor; and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed."

All my JUVENILE readers will remember the history of Saul and David: Saul was David's enemy and had sought to kill him, and upon one occasion when he had followed David for the purpose of capturing and killing him, David had the opportunity of putting an end to his pursuer's life; but he not only restrained his men who would gladly have slain the king, but he himself, though highly provoked, refrained from taking the deliverance and the revenge that seemed to be offered to him. The reason of this was, Saul was the Lord's anointed, and David knew that he could not be justified in dealing with him in a harsh manner, even though Saul had sought to take his life.

We quote this as a beautiful example of the spirit which our young people should be taught to cultivate. Then we

shall not have such utterances as we hear of, nor assaults such as can be read in our public journals wherein the names of honorable men and their reputations are dragged in the mire. If we would have our children remain faithful members of the Church of Christ we must teach them to cultivate the Spirit of Christ. He teaches us that if we are reviled we shall not revile again, that we shall be submissive and childlike, not quarrelsome and contentious. Even if Latter-day Saints are assailed wrongfully, the spirit of the Gospel teaches that they shall not do wrong in return. They are to some extent on trial at the present time. The circumstances which surround them are such as to test the effect their religion has had upon their characters. Has it changed them sufficiently that they can avoid the spirit which men of the world yield to and are governed by? If it has not, then so far as they are concerned it has been a failure. The constant teaching which the Church has received has been that its members would be tried in all things. The purpose of these trials is to develop the characters of the people, to test their fidelity to the principles of the Gospel as revealed by the Lord. If we can be placed in any position where individuals fail to carry out the spirit and principles of their religion in their lives, then that lesson will have to be taught to them again before they can be perfect on that point. And for the spirit we have referred to the Gospel contains no justification.

Now politics are introduced into our midst. If we yield to the same influences which prevail among other peoples and are guilty of the same evils which they practice, then our religion has been of no profit to us, and we have failed to make application of it to these

new circumstances and conditions. I take it that the Lord designs to make us a perfect people, so that in every condition of life and in the variety of circumstances which surround mankind in their earthly careers there shall be no failure to come up to the highest requirements which Heaven demands of us. It rests to a very great extent with the parents in this Church whether the training which their children shall receive is to be such that under the varying conditions which arise from time to time, they shall be fortified against the evils which encompass them, and made firm in all that constitutes the full measure of righteousness.

The Editor.

POACHING IN BOHEMIA.

At the Ball.

CHAPTER XXIII.

To Janet herself, on the night of the ball, it seemed as if she could never be happy or cheerful again. She had been watching the door all the evening, with a heavy heart and a mind filled with foreboding. One by one, she had seen her late fellow-lodgers come into the room, but the only recognition any of them vouchsafed her had been a casual bow, as they came in accidental contact while making the rounds of the pictures, or when one of them approached the corner where she and her friends afterwards took their stand, surrounded by a gay coterie of their own set. The evening was well advanced, when she saw the man for whose face she had been watching, standing in the doorway and sweeping the room with his eyes.

"One of those newspaper men, upon my word!" remarked the foppish young man who had been persecuting her with his attentions all the evening. "Not

even a swallow-tail in honor of the occasion. Just like their impertinence, I must say. Think they can attend a full dress party in the same attire they would wear—begging your pardon, Miss Duncan—to a hanging or a murder. One of them got a lesson at the Club the other night. Perhaps you heard about it?"

"I think not," said Janet absently, her eyes intent on the strong, earnest face of the man who had entered the room. Very soon he would see them and come over there, and she would confess the downright folly and shame of the part she had acted and beg his forgiveness for the deception. Perhaps he would not blame her so severely, after all, for how was she to have foreseen that she was going to meet him when she came to San Francisco, and grow to care for him so much that life on a crust—and unbuttered, too—would be richer and sweeter by his side, than ease and every comfort that wealth could provide?

The young society man beside her chattered on, flattering himself into the belief that he was receiving her undivided attention.

"You know the banquet the Club gave to Lennox, the big London publisher, a few days ago? All the best men in the town were there. Seats reserved for six reporters, one from each of the leading papers. Man came from the *Daily Firebug*, dressed in cutaway coat and black cravat. The servant who attended the door, man who knows his business, I assure you, wouldn't let him in. 'You can't go in there,' he said. 'Swell dinner going on; no man not in full dress allowed in there.' The fellow protested, showed his card, but it was no use. Some of us noticed that the place of the *Firebug* man was vacant,

but nobody gave the matter a second thought. Good many bright speeches made: nuts for the newspaper men, and the reporters at the table were so busy penciling notes on their cuffs they hadn't much time to eat or drink. When the affair was over somebody found the *Firebug* man cooling his heels in the ante-room, Murphy the servant, keeping guard over him like a policeman. Of course the papers joined together and gave us hail Columbia for it, but the men in the Club—all the fellows one wants to know—enjoyed it. Some of the old members, writers and artists and that sort of thing themselves, felt sore over it. But, by George! It's high time these newspaper men should be taught their places."

"I suppose so," said Janet, wishing that the man would stop his horrible chatter, of which she had heard scarcely a word.

Tom Seymour was coming towards her. He was bowing with mock courtesy over her hand, hoping that she was enjoying the evening. How could she tell him that she had only consented to attend the ball, because it might give her a chance to see him again? But why was he opening his notebook and drawing out his pencil?

"Miss Duncan, I am writing up costumes tonight. Will you oblige me by telling me the color of your dress?" he said icily.

It was so comical to see Tom devoting himself to this sort of work, a species of journalistic labor that she had heard him scornfully denounce on more than one occasion, that Janet laughed outright, a soft, musical laugh; but his face grew grimmer on hearing it, and the girl sobered at once.

"It is pink," she said gently, wondering if he would remember that he had

once said he would like to see her in pink, and wishing he could know how she had ransacked her trunks to find and wear it for his sake.

"And the material?" said Seymour, keeping his eyes fixed on his book.

"Ottoman silk, draped with Point d'Alencon. Worth made it. Would you like to know how much it cost?" said Janet, for once in her life speaking tartly. If he was determined to take her measure as a society girl, let him know the full extent of her extravagance, and feel the weight of her magnificence.

"The cost is immaterial. And the ornaments? I believe that is the proper question to ask next."

"Roses."

She had canvassed every florist's establishment in the city, to find the sweet-scented mission roses, because they were his favorite flower. But he merely noted down the fact and bowed and passed on to Mrs. Morgan, who met his inquiries with haughty resentment, but who did not fail to call his attention to the fact that her diamonds were of historical value, the stones in her necklace having once belonged to the royalty of France.

Later on, Janet saw him standing in a dark embrasure, and looking straight over the heads of the people directly at her. A sudden resolution seized her to go to him, but she was surrounded by such a mob of men, young and old, that she could not get away. Such a queer contrast as it was to the times when they earned their living, obscure and unnoticed, in the old building but a few blocks away.

Olive Dalrymple was the brilliant center of a gay and aristocratic circle that evening. Elegantly dressed, with a dazzling circlet of jewels around her

neck and flashing in her hair, the girl was in her element, and it was evident that she had put aside the experiences of the past six months as an amusing episode, to be enjoyed while it lasted, and cast by, like a worn-out garment, when its novelty was exhausted. She was resolutely discarding all remembrance of her Bohemian life, and once, when the thought crossed her mind that all of the faces she saw around her were new to her, she experienced a feeling of relief.

"Awfully handsome girl!" remarked young Octopus, son of the railroad king.

"Awfully. Smahtest at repahtay of any in ouah set," returned Bovine, who had only been a member of "ouah set" since his father the butcher had developed into a "cattle king," a few years before.

A gentleman on the other side of the room, who had been watching the group, walked directly across the floor and bowed to Miss Dalrymple.

"The first dance is ours," he said, so imperiously that the society men fell back.

Miss Dalrymple viewed him in bewilderment. How did it come that Mr. Nemo was there, in full evening dress, looking as much the gentleman and twice as much the man, as any of those around her? How did he dare to take his place as an equal in such an assemblage, and to claim that she, Olive Dalrymple, had promised him a dance? An indignant answer rose to her lips, and she tried to look at him scornfully and disclaim the promise.

Something in his eyes compelled her.

Excusing herself to the gentleman beside her, she took Nemo's arm, and mechanically went through one of those stately old-fashioned dances which have lately been revived to lend dignity to

the lightest and most frivolous of amusements.

They went through the figures without speaking, but in Olive's heart a hot resentment was growing against the man who had from the first contrived to put her continually in the wrong, and who compelled her obedience to his whim, as if she were a naughty school girl, and he a harsh taskmaster.

"Come with me," he said, when the dance was over.

Miss Dalrymple obeyed this command with perfect willingness. At that moment she wanted nothing better than an opportunity to reprove him for this attitude he had assumed towards her, and to declare her future defiance of him, yet her indignation was not so absorbing that she failed to note, with quick surprise and an odd sense of pleasure, the cordial greetings extended to her escort by several prominent people. The Director of the Art School stopped to lay a hand on his shoulder in passing, and to exchange a confidential word with him, bowing again with a pleasant smile for Miss Dalrymple as he moved on. A stout, responsible looking man spoke genially to Nemo, and begged an introduction to the young lady. Olive, acknowledging the compliment haughtily, was confused to learn that this was Mr. O'Hara, whose gift to the public had made him the most talked-of man in the city, and she understood from a word he dropped, that the award would be announced and the successful design be exhibited to the public that night.

They passed out into a hall, and her escort drew a small key from his pocket and fitted it to the lock of a closed door. The girl looked up, protesting. Again he compelled her with a look, and she passed into the room.

The beauty and majesty of the figure before her silenced all thoughts of petty self-assertion and recalled her to her better self. She drew a deep sigh of delight, and remembered the man whose thoughtfulness had given her this pleasure.

"Oh, thank you," she said softly. "I would not have missed this for the world."

"Look again," he said.

Again she turned to the statue, and as she gazed upon it, a sense of familiarity grew upon her. Her thoughts traveled back to a moonlight night, and her daring visit to her brother's lonely studio. Could that great block of marble, in which she had dimly seen the outlines of a human form, have any connection with this? She appealed to him:

"I cannot understand. What does it mean?"

"Look closer."

She stooped over the pedestal, deciphering the letters there.

"'Robert Howe Lindsay.' I know no sculptor of that name. Oh, it is the name of the son who went away from Mr. Lindsay so many years ago. Mr. Nemo. Is this his work? Tell me: Is that dear old man going to see his son again?"

The better self had won the mastery now. There was not a spark of worldliness in the face she raised to his. Could this be Olive Dalrymple, her dark eyes swimming in tears, her voice tremulous with unselfish sympathy and joy?

"The wayward boy has come back. He is here," was his reply.

"I am so glad. But, you said—here," looking around with a start, almost expecting the heavy hangings on the wall to part and a man's figure to present itself. "You should not frighten

me so," she added, looking reproachfully at him.

His expression puzzled her anew.

"You are talking riddles. Oh, Mr. Nemo, you are 'nobody' no longer. You are——"

She checked herself, afraid to speak the name that was on her lips.

"I have recovered my identity. I am Robert Lindsay."

"And I have treated you so!"

"Olive," he said hurriedly, "we have but a few minutes here alone. Soon the room will be opened, and people will rush in here. You know why I have brought you here?"

"Yes."

She did not look up or make further answer, and he would not urge her more, but silently awaited her reply. She continued to look steadily at the statue, but it is doubtful whether she saw it. Yet the thoughts that vexed her mind were such as few would have accredited to her.

When she at length spoke, her voice was colder than he had ever heard it.

"Why, tonight?"

"Because I would not speak to you until I knew that my future was assured; because I would not ask you to share the doubtful lot of a man whose way in life was an untried path."

She put out her hand with a little gesture of distress.

"I—I wish you had not said that."

"Olive?"

"Yes, I know what you would say, and I have said it to myself a thousand times this winter. I do not like this unconventional way of life that we have led. I like meals at proper hours, and people to wait on me. I like pretty gowns, and jewels, and laces, and my nice rooms at home. It has humiliated me more than anyone has guessed, to

imagine others saying: 'There goes that struggling young music teacher—poor creature! Her gloves are out at the fingers, and she covers the worn places on her shoes with patent dressing.' But it has been because we lacked a dignified motive. If I had a husband, or little children, and we were poor"—the girl's voice grew very sweet and womanly—"then there would be some dignity and purpose in sharing every care, and making sacrifices that bring their own dear recompense."

Love, the leveler of all, so long denied by Olive Dalrymple, had conquered her at last. The man who had pressed his suit so defiantly, anticipating disappointment and defeat, looked into the shining dark eyes raised to his so confidingly, and was overwhelmed with rapture; but he could only press a reverent kiss on the soft, dark hair, when they were disturbed by the opening of the door, and the Director came in, followed by a throng of people.

Never in her life had Olive Dalrymple been so proud as when she listened to the comments on her lover's work; never so humble, as when she recalled how ungenerously she, of all those who rejoiced in his triumph that night, had treated him.

"Oh, Miss Dalrymple, I have been looking for you all the evening. If you would be so good. Mr. Nemo, I beg your pardon, but I have something very particular to say to Miss Dalrymple."

"Time, lime, chime; bell, dell, fell, shell, tell. I shall not be far away if you want help, dear," whispered Robert Lindsay, as he generously withdrew a few paces, to give way to the anxious poet.

"I beg pardon, Miss Dalrymple, for availing myself of the present moment; but there's no time like the present,

and you know the line about 'solitude in a crowd.'"

"If I can be of any help to you, Mr. Sutherland!"

"Oh, indeed you can; the greatest help in the world."

"And the rhyme? What is it this time?"

"Miss Dalrymple," said the poet solemnly, "it is not for this time only, but for life."

"For life?" repeated Olive, wholly misconstruing the poet's meaning. "Why, let me see: There is knife, and life, and strife, and wife —"

"That is just it, Miss Dalrymple. "It is wife," returned the young man eagerly. "And you are the one."

"The one?"

"The only one. I hope you won't think it too much of a liberty, Miss Dalrymple, if I call you the Star of my Existence. I composed a poem on the subject last night, and the topic was so inspiring that I got all the rhymes myself, by sitting up until two o'clock, with a wet towel around my head. Perhaps you would like to hear the first stanza:

Lost in depths of azure blue,
A star was shining in the sky:
A lowly bard its radiance drew,
It winged his soul to flights on high."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Sutherland, but——"

"Please to consider the matter well, Miss Dalrymple, before replying. I know of your wealth, but, believe me, I do not despise you for it. Think of the glorious future we might have together. I am sure that you must have observed that my name is almost a voucher for success in my high calling. Percy Sutherland. I have understood that my mother had such a career in

view in naming me. Don't you think it has a very poetic sound?"

Olive could not honestly assent to this. To be candid, the name only suggested to her a certain strain of prize Durham cattle.

"It is a name that we might make illustrious together. We would make a wonderful and unexampled success, Miss Dalrymple. My only trouble is the rhymes. I never have any difficulty with the meter."

For one moment the young lady was possessed with a cruel inclination to ask the aspiring poet where the ideas were to come from, but she forebore, saying, very kindly but decisively:

"I am sorry, but your plans can never be realized, Mr. Sutherland."

"Miss Dalrymple are my worst sentiments to be verified? Are your affections already engaged?"

"They are."

Anyone who observed the poet closely must have seen the look of positive delight that overspread his pale face.

"Byron was doomed to sorrow from his birth. Burns was separated from his ideal. Poe was twice crossed in love. Mine is the common lot. I may suffer but the world will be the richer for the anguish you cause me, Miss Dalrymple.

For out of the depths of a master woe,
And through the valley of dark despair,
The soul of the poet must grope and go,
Ere he don the purple true poets wear.

I will not trouble you longer. Good night, Miss Dalrymple."

"Poor fellow!" said Olive, as Robert Lindsay rejoined her; "I am afraid it is a severe blow to him."

"Couldn't you think of one? Of course he wanted a rhyme."

"No. He wanted me."

"Never mind, Olive. We'll send him a rhyming dictionary instead."

Vesta Mathieu should have been very happy that evening, for a picture she sent to the exhibition had not only been hung on the line, but had been given a very conspicuous place, and the foremost connoisseurs in the city had awarded it cordial praise. Old Mr. Lindsay had sought her out, and seating himself beside her in a recess arched with palms, began a merry disquisition upon her picture.

"My dear, permit an old man to congratulate you on your success. The water of your little mountain brook is so clear and limpid, and plunges over the rocks with such a sparkle and ripple, that one almost fancies one can hear its musical song. You might have a great career as a marine painter, my dear, if it were not for your petticoats."

"I could shorten them," suggested the girl.

"Impracticable, wholly impracticable, my dear. No woman can climb over the precipitous rocks to the sheltered coves where the sea gives up its mysteries of depth and expanse, and its secrets of coloring, to those who love to study it. Only in such hidden spots, shut off from human life and all the rest of nature's beauty can one stretch out a spiritual hand and feel beneath it the heart throbs of the great ocean."

Cliffe Dalrymple roving restlessly through the rooms, dodging new acquaintances, dismayed and confounded by the cold stares he received from men whom he had counted as bosom friends the week before, at length perceived the dignified little figure beside the old artist, amid the palms, and looking absently upon the gay assemblage. Mr. Lindsay arose and excused himself as Cliffe came up.

"Good evening, Miss Mathieu," he

said, very much taken aback by the old painter's abrupt departure and denouncing himself the next moment for his conventional greeting while his eyes lingered on the dark expressive face, the abundant hair coiled loosely about the crown of her head, and the drapery of black lace that rose to her throat without an ornament.

"It will be a long time before I see this again," she remarked, her eyes fixed persistently on the dancers. "In two weeks my mother and I start for Paris."

"For Paris?" he cried, dismayed.

"Yes. At last You did not think that any such good fortune could come to me, in my work-a-day life, did you?" she rejoined, still keeping her eyes wilfully averted from his. "I had almost given up hope myself. But it came. One of my pictures sold for a price that I am very much afraid is double its value; large in my eyes, though you might think it a small sum to spend on a day's amusement. Yet it is enough, with strict economy, to maintain my mother and me for a year to come. We shall join a little colony of people we know there—poor students, who make a science of living in the simplest and cheapest way "

"Vesta, you have no right to decide on this without——"

"Consulting you?" She addressed him as she might have spoken to a stranger. Had he been less intent on his own purpose, he might have discovered that in whatever momentary weakness he ever tempted her to forswear allegiance to her art for his sake, had passed by, and that she would not falter in the way she had marked out for herself.

"I have a right."

"What right?"

"The right of a man who loves you: who will love you to the end."

"And Miss Duncan?"

"That is unfair, Vesta. You know I never would speak like this, were not that old dream dissipated, to Miss Duncan's infinite satisfaction."

"Yes, I am unjust," said the girl hastily, showing emotion for the first time. "But how can you—you expect me to be considerate of you? You, who came among us for the gratification of a passing whim; who won our confidence and played on our sympathies, upon the unworthy pretext that you had consecrated your life to a kindred calling. Oh, I do not wish to speak with you at all. I am sorry that I have seen your face again. It has been a piece of deceit from beginning to end. Do you think our lives and pursuits are such light matters to us, that we can bear to see them travestied, made a jest of, as if we were mountebanks, revolving in our narrow circles and performing our little tricks for the amusement of the public? What you have done is sacrilege."

The young man had no reply to make to this stern arraignment. He bowed low and turned away.

Janet saw him crossing the room, with downcast eyes, and the look of a man in a brown study. She hastened to him and put her hand through his arm.

"Cliffe, I want you to take me home, to Mrs. Morgan's house. She and Eleanor will not be ready for a long time yet. I cannot stand it any longer."

Flora Haines Loughhead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RELIGION is the perfection of wisdom—practice the best instructor—thanksgiving the sweetest recreation.

SHORT LECTURES, STORIES, SKETCHES.

Clouds.

(By students of the Rhetoric Classes, B. Y. Academy, Provo, Utah.)

CLOUDS are masses of fog, consisting of minute particles of water, often in a frozen state, floating in the air. If a body of moist air becomes cooled below the dew point, its vapor is condensed into small droplets which float in the air. Becoming translucent by this change, they intercept the sun's rays and we speak of them as clouds.

Why these droplets are kept suspended in the air has not been satisfactorily explained. Some say that the particles of water are hollow; but this would not account for their remaining in the air unless the hollows were filled with a gas lighter than the surrounding atmosphere. Prof. G. G. Stokes holds that they are prevented from falling mainly by the friction of ascending currents of air, just as fine powders remain suspended in liquids of much less specific gravity than themselves. But this action hardly explains the phenomenon, for, as Sir John Herschel says, "Rising and horizontal air currents must also oppose the fall of clouds; for at night, in the absence of rising currents, they often descend to and dissolve in lower and warmer levels."

It is now held by scientists that each droplet has for a nucleus a minute particle of dust, and that without this tiny surface for condensation no rain-drop could be formed.

Air that is partly saturated becomes cool by expansion in ascending. Its vapor, at first invisible, is then condensed into visible clouds. The height at which condensation commences varies with the dew point on the surface. In the tropical regions where the atmos-

phere is very warm the clouds are seldom closer than a mile and a half from the ground. They are often more than four or five miles high. In polar regions, on the contrary, they generally lie very near the surface.

Clouds may be dissipated by descent into lower and drier air. This accounts for the gradual disappearance of fleecelike clouds under the eye of the observer.

Or they may disappear by the heat of the sun's rays above while receiving ascensions from moist air below.

Several modes of classifying clouds have been proposed but the most commonly accepted mode is the one adopted by Luke Howard in the beginning of the present century. He divides them into three primary types, from which other types are derived by combinations. They are the cirrus, the stratus, and the cumulus.

Cirrus is a Latin word, meaning tuft of hair. Cirrus clouds are seen at very lofty heights. They appear as white feathery streaks of spray. From a balloon four miles high they have been seen far beyond in the blue sky, where the atmosphere was necessarily below the freezing point of water. These clouds are composed of minute crystals of ice, brought together in groups, which are stretched out by currents of air. They are supposed to indicate changeable weather, in the summer to foretell rain or wind, and in the winter, frost or snow.

Stratus clouds are usually quite close to the surface. They are mostly seen just after sunset. Stratus clouds generally increase in size until about midnight, and then decrease until sunrise, when they are dissipated by the sun's rays. They are arranged in layers near the horizon, whence the name; they are formed by the gradual sinking

of other clouds and by the cooling of the rising vapor. In the winter they often cover the sky for days with a thin, dull gray mantle.

Cumulus means heaps, and hence the name is applied to clouds piled up in great white masses. They are generally seen in the daytime during the summer months. They are large, remind you of great balls of cotton or heaps of snow resting on a larger base, that is sometimes horizontal. Sometimes these clouds are not very large and a collection of them looks like a herd of white sheep lying down on the blue green pasture of heaven.

These half-globular masses in descending thicken out or become dissolved by the warm, dry air below. They may be also dispelled by the sun or be condensed by cool winds.

A great number of cirrus clouds may gather and sink into layers like the stratus clouds, high up in the air. They are then called cirro-stratus clouds. These often cover the whole sky. As they sink they become partly condensed, and show signs of a storm.

Cirrus clouds in descending may break into bunches like the cumulus, but still very high. They are then called cirro cumulus clouds. A sky over spread by such clouds is popularly called a 'mackerel sky.'

Cumulus clouds rise as the day advances, and often become much denser and darker beneath. While the lower part is becoming darker the upper part may flatten out, producing a form resembling the stratus. In this form they are called cumulo-stratus clouds. They are usually higher than the stratus clouds. Either of these forms of clouds may become so dense that the minute drops become too heavy to float, and fall as rain. The black rain cloud thus

formed is called the nimbus and often begins to form at the base of the cumulo-stratus clouds.

Clouds gather and carry moisture to most all parts of the earth. They moderate the rapid evaporation by night from the soil warmed during the day by the sun. They also absorb the scorching rays of the sun in the torrid regions, and afford protection to animal and vegetable life.

Clouds that are not very high move in the direction of the surface wind, but much faster than the wind, as the air they are in is not retarded by surface bodies. When they are very high they generally move in the opposite direction from the lower clouds. Cirrus clouds thus serve to reveal the direction of the upper currents.

Color, as my readers may be aware, is simply a question of the varying lengths of the waves of light. The colors seen on the clouds are sometimes due to reflection, sometimes to absorption of light. The droplets while absorbing all wave lengths to some extent, transmit long waves, such as the orange or red, more readily than short ones, and reflect the short ones in a greater number. The light reflected from the front of a dense cloud is therefore bluish, and if the sun be behind it, the light transmitted through its edges is reddish or golden, which colors give us occasionally such glorious sunsets.

Albert Robinson.

It is a mistake to imagine that only the violent passions such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all; she, indeed, influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Gift of Charity.

IN the Bible and in the Book of Mormon great importance is attached to the gift of charity. Paul says that if he should speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and had not charity, he should become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. If he had the gift of prophecy also, and understood all mysteries, and had all knowledge, and had all faith—faith so great that he could remove mountains, and yet had not charity, he would be nothing. If he should bestow all his goods to feed the poor, and should give his body to be burned, and yet had not charity, all this would profit him nothing. Whatever else fails, charity, he assures us, never faileth.

Moroni gives us the words of his father Mormon upon charity. His teaching is very similar to that of Paul's on this gift. He says that "Charity is the pure love of Christ, and it endureth forever; and whoso is found possessed of it at the last day, it shall be well with them." He exhorts his brethren to pray unto the Father with all the energy of heart, that they may be filled with this love, which He hath bestowed upon all who are true followers of His Son Jesus Christ.

This gift, according to these authorities, for Paul and Mormon both were men who had great knowledge concerning the principles of salvation—is one of the greatest gifts that men can enjoy.

It is, as Mormon has said, the pure love of Christ. Our great Creator is called a God of love. It is the marked characteristic of Deity and of all Godly men and women. Therefore, there is every reason for the statements that we have quoted, that however much men may do, however many sacrifices they may make, even to the giving up of their lives, if they do not have this love, they fail.

Do we think of this in our association one with another? Charity suffereth long and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil, and rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth.

Where charity prevails there is no evil gossip, there is no magnifying of faults in others, there is no disposition to give an evil character to another, nor to lower the value or influence of others by holding up their weaknesses and shortcomings. If a man repents and forsakes his sins, charity does not revive the recollection of those sins, but seeks to aid the penitent in the struggle to do better. Charity prompts those who possess it to lighten the burdens and to lift the loads that may oppress others. It encourages the weak to be strong. It administers comfort to the disconsolate. It encourages those to struggle on who are inclined to faint. It aims to lift men and women up, not to pull them down. It prompts those who possess it to say nothing that will discourage one who is striving to do better; but it diffuses hope and speaks words of good cheer. It carries with it an atmosphere of peace and joy.

What a heaven we would have on earth if we all cultivated this glorious gift! If we will reflect, we can picture to ourselves how delightful society would

be and all our associations if all exercised charity. There would be no hatred. There would be no malice. There would be no envy. There would be no jealousy. There would be no back-biting. There would be no slandering. There would be no false representation. There would be no tearing down of reputations. There would be no magnifying of faults. If faults existed, they would be pointed to for the benefit of those who had them, and they would not be held up before the public for the purpose of lowering them in the estimation of their fellows.

If charity, which is the pure love of Christ, filled all our hearts, Satan would have no power over us, and so far as we would be concerned, the Millennium would be commenced. When the Millennium shall be ushered in, men and women must be filled with charity. Until the Latter-day Saints possess this gift and exercise it to the fullest extent, they cannot be the people which God designs them to be.

Children should be impressed with the importance of this gift of charity. They should be taught to seek for it and to exercise it. But that they may the better understand it, they should see it exercised by their parents and associates. Children are by nature imitative. As a general thing, they do that which others do; they speak as others speak. They are born into the world entirely destitute of knowledge concerning the ways of the world. From their parents and from others whom they see they imbibe their views of life and their understanding of the rules which should govern them. Their conceptions of duty, their ideas of that which is correct and just, are generally derived from tradition and from example.

Object of the Gospel.

The Gospel has been revealed for the purpose of enabling mankind to comprehend saving truths. It contains the laws which men and women must obey to prepare them for that higher society which exists in heaven. It is by observing these laws and precepts that angels have attained to their glory, and by which also He who is greater than the angels has reached His high and exalted position—our beloved Savior and Redeemer, Jesus Christ. If we would have our children attain to heavenly glory, it must be by obeying these same laws. Nor can we who are adults reach that blissful condition except by the same power and conforming to the same requirements. It is possible for human beings, by seeking for and obtaining the aid which God promises to give, to attain to this perfection. Righteous men in all ages have reached this condition by personal exertion coupled with aid from God. Men in our day can do the same thing.

Seeing Faults in Others.

Why is it that people who have serious faults themselves are so eager to find fault with others who, at least, are as free from sin as they are? How frequently do we hear men criticising their fellow-men for defects of character while they themselves have more weaknesses, probably, than the men whom they criticise.

Why is it that so many people take delight in talking about their neighbor's faults? Is it to drive attention from their own? Is it an anxiety on their part to make a favorable impression upon those to whom they speak, by suggesting a contrast between the faults of others and their own virtues?

We have heard men talk in very severe terms of other men's faults and sins, who themselves seemed to have forgotten that they themselves were very imperfect. It frequently happens in the world, it is said, that women who have been guilty of lapses of virtue are the most severe in their condemnation of those of their own sex who may be overtaken in transgression. We have noticed that men and women who have the fewest faults are generally the most charitable to the faults of others; while those who are most severe are those who ought to be the last to indulge in severity.

Our Lord and Savior Jesus was the most perfect Being that ever trod the earth. Without doubt He was the most free from the failings of humanity. Yet how full of love and kindness was He in His treatment of the sinner and those who were weak and frail! Ought this not to be an example to us? If it is the province of the perfect to find fault with the imperfect, the sinless to be harsh toward the sinner, then certainly the Savior of mankind should have been the most severe upon the weak and the erring. In His life, however, the poor and the needy, the downtrodden and the sinner found sympathy, help, and encouragement, not to continue in sin but to forsake it. He denounced and used very severe expressions to the hypocrites, to those who professed to be holier than their fellows. This was the class against whom His severest language was used. We can all follow in His footsteps, and, with profit, take His life as an example.

Much learning shows how little mortals know;
 Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy;
 At best it babies us with endless toys,
 And keeps us children till we drop to dust.

WARNING OF AN OPIUM SLAVE.

SOME time since an article appeared in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, written by the Editor, on the evils of intemperance, with the sentiments of which I heartily agree, though the remarks concerning those who indulge in the use of opium and morphine seem to me to be a little severe on those who sometimes become addicted to the habit through the stupidity or carelessness of doctors. I am myself a slave of twelve years' standing to the opium habit, and as such, desire to give a little of my experience as a warning to others.

A drunkard can be redeemed, but it seems to me impossible for a user of opium to overcome this appetite. When I was a young man of about twenty-four years of age, I was an almost constant user of intoxicating drinks, and was thus rapidly approaching a drunkard's end. One night I was invited to attend a temperance lecture, which I did, and the convincing arguments of the speaker, drawn from scripture and reason, convinced me that no man who loves the Lord and his own soul could use intoxicating drinks to excess as I had done. This truth was so impressed upon my mind that I signed the temperance pledge, and have kept my promise ever since. Not only that, I became a zealous worker in the cause of temperance, and hope I aided some, who were tempted, to avoid the dangers which drunkenness brings.

In the country where I was born it is not possible for any person to purchase poison of any kind without an order to that effect signed by a well-known physician. Heavy fines are imposed upon such merchants as violate this law. I have sometimes thought that such an enactment would be a

blessing in America. While living in my old home in the Netherlands, I had no knowledge whatever of opium or its effects, except that I was aware of its being produced in China, and that Chinamen used it to a very great extent. About twelve years ago I became very sick. Two physicians, who were brothers, were called to my aid, and after examining my case, concluded there was no hope of my recovery. They therefore gave me laudanum to relieve me of the excruciating pain which I almost constantly suffered. For twenty-four weeks I found my only relief from torture of body in eating opium.

That I recovered was no credit to the doctors, as they had not visited me for several weeks before my recovery, and the only word they left concerning my case, was that when I was in pain I should receive a dose of laudanum. Acting under their advice I became addicted to the use of this drug, without being aware of any evil consequences which would follow. Thus for over two years did I unsuspectingly administer to myself quantities of opium. The discovery of my real condition came upon me one day with all its horrors when I found myself without any laudanum on hand, nor was any to be procured in the store of the village where I lived. I therefore said to my wife, "I don't think I need any more."

Never will I be able to forget the excruciating torture of that day. My system demanded this drug, and being deprived of it I passed from one convulsion to another until I was nearly crazy. Finally a good woman neighbor sent her son to a city six miles distant to procure for me some opium, of which I took a small piece and was instantly relieved. Nevertheless, time

and time again have I felt myself in torture which it seems to me no punishment can ever equal, because of my supply of opium becoming exhausted. Time and time again have I tried to find a remedy for this habit, but my efforts have all been in vain. I tried to reduce the amount used each day, and thus gradually prepare myself to abandon it altogether, but even this brought upon me the most intense suffering.

I read a short time ago in one of our newspapers an account of an opium slave who had committed suicide because of the physicians endeavoring to cure him of the habit while he was confined in prison for some crime. The man is said to have begged and pled on his knees and with tears streaming from his eyes, for his usual dose of opium, but the doctors would not grant his request, and finally he took his own life. I could fully sympathize with him, for to me death would be far preferable to being deprived of the use of this drug, which I realize is the bane of my life.

I know of mothers who use laudanum in various forms as it is prepared by quacks and doctors, to quiet their children and alleviate their pain. To all such I lift my warning voice, and say to mothers, As you value the future welfare and happiness of your children, cease to administer to them these soothing syrups—this laudanum in various forms, and do not allow them to acquire a taste for these things which make life miserable. Please listen to a slave to opium. Let me advise you to never use this drug. True, when you first receive it, pain will be alleviated, and for a little while you will feel happy, but the more you use of it the nearer do you approach the preci-

pice which means earthly misery, if not future torment.

I can readily see in myself the effects of opium. Before I acquired a taste for it, I was able to control, to some extent at least, my passions and appetites, but since yielding to its terrible influence, I am frequently reminded of my angry disposition and unpleasant temper, thus making not only myself, but those around me, miserable.

I trust that my humble warning will be heeded by those who read these words. Let me implore you for your own sakes to avoid tasting liquor, or anything intoxicating, as well as opium, and you will save yourself much torment and pain.

Experience.

THE GREATEST BRIGHTENER.

SOMEONE has well said that "of one hundred good things of this life, health is ninety-nine." Certainly, without health all the hundred would be of little avail to give us happiness. Have you not often known, perhaps under your own roof-tree, some friend, whose very songs were funereal? One who saw the shadowed side of every event of life? One to whom the birds sung in vain, the sunshine itself was only a mockery? Ill health had cast this sombre vail over all nature, physical and moral. Oh, the suffering which attends such an earthly pathway! Surely, it should awaken our tenderest sympathy, and our most hearty efforts at comforting and cheering.

But with restored health what a glow of beauty the earth wears! How cheerfully and lightly crosses are taken up and bravely borne, which in the former state would have crushed the spirit to the earth!

So much does the state of mind depend on the body, every wise person should realize the duty of taking care of this house. It is a slack householder who suffers his dwelling to fall into decay, when little repairs, time after time could keep it in order. But his folly is not half so great as that of the man who neglects the warnings nature gives that something is wanted in her house in the way of repairs. Always take kindly the warning signal, pain, which is sent to give notice of graver ills. Never be afraid of the jeering remark of some associate because you are prudent in regard to exposing your health to danger. He may laugh you into a serious illness, but he cannot laugh you out. Learn the laws which govern your health, and follow them closely if you desire to live out your appointed days in comfort and happiness.

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

A YOUNG man, who was a student in a large institution, was accustomed, on the Sabbath, to teach a little Sunday School, where he was doing much good. The walk was two miles, and the student was poor, but he persevered in his good work in spite of many difficulties. One quite prominent one was his want of a good time-piece, which often made him late, when he earnestly desired to be punctual. He felt that his usefulness would be increased if he only had a reliable time-piece. He thought this over one day as he was hurrying along to meet his appointment, and, with the true spirit of one who looks up to God as a rich and bountiful Heavenly Father, he asked Him for a watch. He left the request there, and gave himself no further anxiety about it. If God saw

best to send it, he felt He surely would. A few days afterwards, a lady who knew nothing of his want, sent him the present of a good watch. His heart was filled with thankfulness, though he could hardly feel surprised. The request might have seemed a large one to ask, but it was not large for God to grant. It certainly strengthened his faith to ask in future for anything he might feel his need.

Praying hearts, the world over, have scores of such unwritten answers to prayer treasured up in their memories. They are the most precious of all treasures, for fire or flood, or any disaster cannot destroy them, and they are treasures that the soul can take with it beyond the bounds of time.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

It is an old saying, "That boys invariably wish to do something which they cannot," and I am inclined to believe, that the same might be said of girls; still, upon that point I am not posted, so will address my remarks to young men allowing the young ladies "To wear the jacket if it fits."

In fact this desire to do something they cannot seems to be an inherent in-born natural quality. Did you ever see a boy that had not rather work in the field from morning until night, with spade and shovel, than to bring water for washing, and keep the hens out of the flower garden; or if asked to pick up chips had much rather take an ax and chop cord wood; and if requested to rake or spread hay, says, "that he would like something easy, like mowing or pitching upon the load?" So you will find it if you will go through the whole routine of boys work.

But this wishing for something beyond,

is not confined to boys only; young men, who have been brought up on the farm, and who have but little of any kind of business, often think themselves fully prepared for clerks, merchants, and bankers. Many a young man begins the study of medicine or law, without a necessary qualification for success in either. They do not consider how important a question it is, and start out as unconcerned as though nothing was pending.

Nature has, with a few exceptions, done something for each one of us, and we find that those who succeed best in their labors, have a natural faculty for them. Ought we not, then, to find out, if possible, for what we are fitted—to find our place—and then fill it?

Parents seldom, if ever, try to find for what their children are adapted, and then advise them. They say follow this or that business, choose this or that profession, you can make money at it and live without hard labor.

Many examples might be mentioned, where men have commenced the study of law, or medicine, and after finding that they had made a serious mistake, exchanged for something in keeping with their talents.

Young man, do not decide such an important point in your life without earnest, thoughtful deliberation. Ask yourself this question, "Have I a taste for such work, and the necessary qualifications?" N.

A LITTLE boy was being shown the engraving of a human skeleton by his father. After studying it for some minutes in silence, he looked up into his father's face inquiringly, and said:

"Papa, how did this man manage to keep in his dinner?"

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

Relics of the Cliff Dwellers.

THE old houses and relics found in the cliffs near Bluff, San Juan County, indicate that a forgotten race of people once enjoyed their families and homes here where we are now living.

The history of this people is being dug from the earth. The men engaged in this labor strike in where the houses have been, or near a house where the rubbish has gathered. Sometimes by removing the soil, the old dishes, clothing and working tools, as well as many other things, are found near the surface. The determined laborer digs down further, and his efforts are rewarded by finding some of the bodies of former inhabitants embalmed in feather or cotton cloth. It seems to have been a favorite custom among these tribes to embalm their dead, and bury with them all their possessions, together with food enough to last them until they reach the "happy hunting ground."

Their houses were built with skill, and some of them appear to have been the residences of large families.

They have been very careful in selecting a place for a home where they could not be attacked by enemies. Their houses are very high up in the cliffs, where there was no possible chance of an army ascending, except by going one at a time. Sometimes the path led through small holes cut in the solid rock, and again it is apparent that people ascended steep ledges by means of ladders. The implements of war that remain show that they fought

one against the other, or with other tribes.

These people must have been very industrious. Their hatchets were made of stone, and their arrow heads of flint. Their cloth, sandals, baskets, dishes, needles, thread and all the material they used were prepared by their own hands.

Very curious articles have been found, such as cedar bark worked into thread, small, sharp turkey bones to serve as needles, bone beads and knives and forks, sandals made of yucca fibres, human-hair rope, beautifully tanned buckskin, cotton cloth, also cotton yarn neatly spun and twisted.

It appears that their finest costumes consisted of feather blankets. Their flour and meal were apparently ground only by crushing grain between two stones. As yet I never have had an opportunity of viewing a specimen of their bread.

One is full of wonder and surprise while looking at and handling these things, that so long ago were made and worn by a people so unknown, and of whom the world have now many opinions.

E. L.

My Uncle and the Bear.

IN the early settlement of Fillmore the people lived in a fort. One evening my uncle started for the saw mill, which was about half a mile from the fort, to see if the men had started to saw the logs he had left there to be made into lumber. While on his way he saw an animal, which he first thought was a calf. The animal started toward him; then uncle moved off, and it followed him.

Uncle then saw that it was a bear, and began to run for his life, and the bear followed.

Uncle ran home, and the bear followed him into the fort, and went up in front of a neighbor woman's house. The woman was in uncle's house at the time, and had left her door open, and her children were asleep inside. Uncle got his gun and was going to shoot the bear; but he soon changed his mind. He thought if the bear was wounded it might run into the house where the children were sleeping; so he did not shoot it, and soon it walked off out of the fort and did no harm to anyone. The Lord, I believe, preserved uncle from getting hurt.

Lucretia Lyman. Age 10 years.

BLUFF CITY, UTAH.

LUEEWENHOEK.

THE old town of Delfth. in Holland is associated with a familiar event in American history. It was from the harbor of this town—from Delfth Haven—that the Pilgrim Fathers, in 1620, embarked on the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower* to sail to America. Another event adds new interest to Delfth.

It was here that, in 1632, a boy was born who became one of the great discoverers that used the microscope. His name was Anthony van Leeuwenhoek (pronounced Luh-wen-hook). As his surname does not slip easily from an American tongue, he may be called simply Anthony. The education of Anthony was very imperfect. He never graduated from college, but he seems to have made the most of his limited opportunities.

Only a few years before the *Mayflower* landed its shivering passengers on Plymouth Rock, and the *Half Moon* anchored at the mouth of the Hudson, the telescope and the microscope were invented. The principal part of both

these instruments is the glass lens. To prepare lenses, and get their shape exactly right, was at that time a great labor. The lenses must be slowly ground and polished. This art was sometimes learned by bright boys, of whom Anthony was one. And he became a lens-grinder.

Those who use the microscope at the present day, find in it a most delightful and fascinating employment. With it they examine things other people have seen and told about, and find, in going over these discoveries, great amusement. How much more enjoyment, then, must those have had who, with the microscope for the first time, discovered these things.

The opening of the great world of little things created great excitement. Everybody who could buy one, purchased a microscope. The grinding of lenses was a lively business. To this work Anthony devoted both his energies and his wits. Soon he found out how to make much better lenses than any other could construct, insomuch that he was regarded as one of the inventors of the microscope.

Anthony did more than work at his lenses. He himself used the improved lens, in searching out the new and wonderful things in nature. And what did he find that was new? "The House I Live In" gives an account of the voyage which a drop of blood makes when it leaves the heart, passes through the arteries to the muscles and bones and returns to the heart through the veins.

The credit of discovering this trip of the drop of blood is due to an English physician, William Harvey, who died when Anthony was twenty-five years old.

But there was one part of the journey

of the blood which Dr. Harvey did not explain. When the red traveler reaches its destination, how does it leave the artery, get through the muscles, and jump into the veins?

This question Anthony answered by the use of his microscope. He found the minute capillary (or hair) tubes which convey the blood from the arteries to every part of the muscles and bones, and throw it into the veins, so that it may go back to the heart and lungs. About the time of this discovery Anthony received a visit from Peter the Great, of Russia, who was delighted to see, through the microscope, the circulation of the blood in the tail of an eel.

He discovered that the human hair is a tube and not a solid; that cochineal, which produces red and purple dyes, is an insect and not a seed as people supposed; that the grubs, or maggots, which appear upon spoiled meat are hatched from eggs, and are not spontaneously born from decaying substance. He proved that every living thing comes from a living parent of the same kind. He found the compound eyes of some insects; the beautiful scales on the wings of butterflies: the spinners and poison claws of the spider.

In the gutters of the house roof, there is nearly always collected more or less moss or dirt mixed with leaves. Of course, during the absence of rain, this litter becomes very dry. Now if a pinch of this dust be moistened in water, and placed under a microscope, pretty soon little animals, no larger than the head of a pin, appear swimming and dancing about, as active as pollywogs. They are called rotifers or wheel-bearers, because they have, at the place where the mouth should be expected, a wheel fringed with lively hairs, with which they draw in their

invisible prey. Entirely dry, like grains of sand, they may exist for a long time, and wake into activity when wet.

These wheel-bearers were first brought to light by Anthony van Leeuwenhoek. Many other things, also did he discover with his microscope, and many things about such things as had already been discovered.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Adam and Eve.

WE read in the Bible that God, our Heavenly Father, made the world for His children to live in. He made the sun, moon and stars, the animals, birds and fish; trees, grass, fruit and flowers, and last of all He made a man named Adam and a woman named Eve, and He let them live in a beautiful place called the Garden of Eden, where there was fruit of all kinds, and everything nice.

The Lord used to come and talk to them every day, and He told them they might eat any of the fruit they wanted, except from one tree, and that one they must not touch; but after a while the evil spirit, which we call the devil, came and tempted Eve, and when he whispered to her she listened while he told her how nice the fruit was on that tree, and that she ought to taste it, until at last she was persuaded to try it, and she then called Adam and coaxed him to eat some.

When the Lord came again to see Adam and Eve He knew they had been eating the fruit that He had told them not to eat, and He told them they could not live in the garden any longer but would have to go outside to live,

and work hard to plant and raise things to eat.

The Lord showed them how to till the ground and plant the seeds, and how to make clothes for themselves from the skins of animals, for where they were going to live it would sometimes be very warm and sometimes very cold.

One thing you should learn, my children, is obedience. You see how Adam and Eve were punished for doing what the Lord told them not to do.

Let us be careful to obey our parents and to obey the commandments of the Lord. When we are tempted to do wrong, that is, when we feel like doing something naughty, or some one asks us to do something that we know is not right, let us remember that God is not pleased when we do wrong.

Celia A. Smith.

A STROLL.

I WAS strolling in the city,
Gazing on the different sights,
Listening to the noise and bustle,
Guided by the flickering lights,

Noticing the different people,
As they passed along the way;
Some with downcast, thoughtful
faces,
Some showed sorrow, some were
gay.

First there came a ragged newsboy,
Little feet and fingers blue,
"Paper, mister? Have a paper?
See, I only have a few."

Next a youngster, clad in comfort,
Warm and happy, passed me by;
As the little newsboy met him
Through his lips escaped a sigh.

As I moved a little farther,
Thinking of the recent pair,
Standing by a quiet corner,
I saw a lady in despair.

"Oh, good sir, I'm cold and hungry;
Pity me!" was all she said.
Underfoot 'twas cold and muddy,
Great, black clouds hung overhead.

Next I passed a lighted dance hall,
Merry laughter filled the air;
Music sweetly wafted outward—
Happiness and peace were there.

Turning round another corner
Came an old, grey-headed man,
Plodding on his homeward journey
To that future happy land.

Then a drunken, noisy vagrant
Passed along the thoroughfare,
Followed by a keen policeman,
Eyeing him with watchful care.

Turning homeward, deeply thinking
Of the sights which I had seen,
I then wandered from the city,
Out where I had often been.

How refreshing there I found it!
Calm and peaceful was the night,
Nature's sounds my ears were
greeting,
Heaven's lights were shining bright.

Charles Bush.

A SIMILARITY.

A kiss is like a bath
That you take from the river—
You can take and take and take
And take 'em on forever,
And still there's just as many
As if you hadn't never
Taken any.

"The Foremost Baking Powder
in all the World."

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.

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A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free
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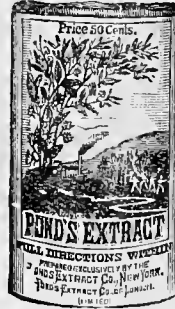
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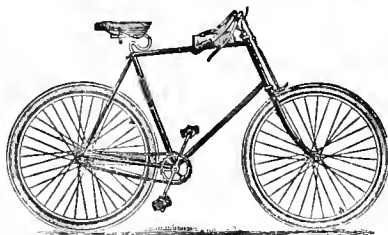
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